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No. 10 10c



AL F.B.I.

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Exciting F.B.I. Thriller... **THE BEAVER STRIKES**

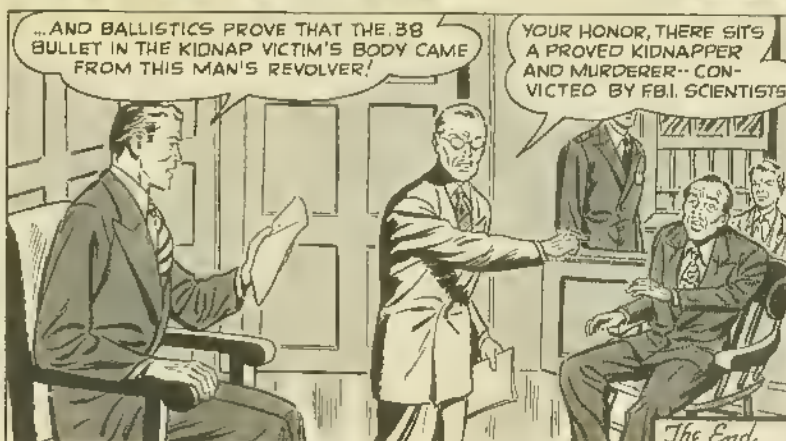
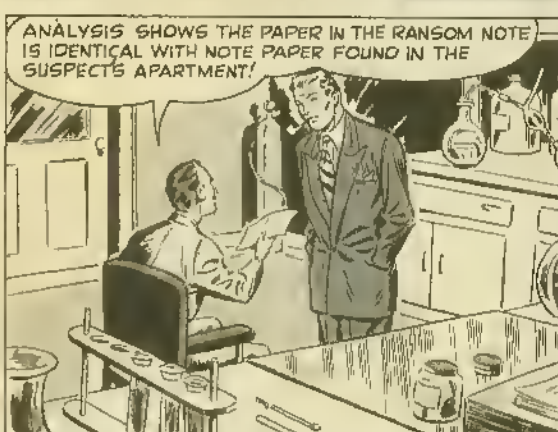
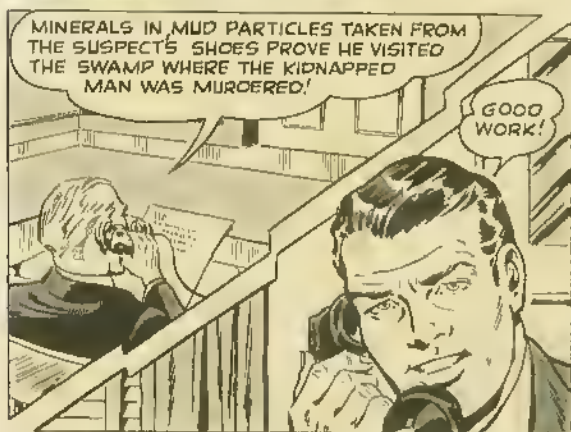
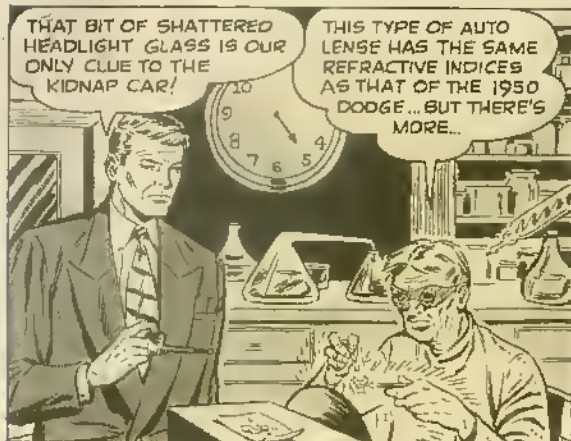
By SCOTT L.



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F.B.I.

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION METHODS



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Little Al of the FBI.

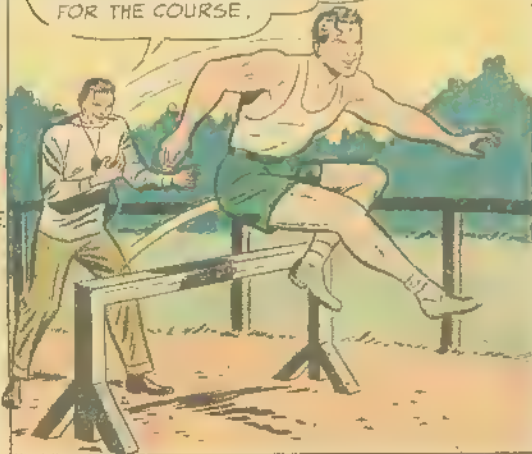
in
"THE BEAVER STRIKES!"



WHEN SINISTER, RED CONSPIRATORS STRIKE DEEP AT THE ROOTS OF OUR DEMOCRACY, IT BECOMES A CHALLENGE THAT MUST BE MET! THEN, A DRAMATIC CHAMPION EMERGES TO BATTLE THE FOE. SMALL IN STATURE, BUT POSSESSED WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN, HIS KEEN INTELLECT AND FLYING FISTS WAGE CEASELESS WAR AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY OUR FREEDOM...

ON A PLEASANT AFTER-NOON, AL CONWAY, BLAKELY COLLEGE'S ALL AROUND ATHLETE, TRIES FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE, NAMELY, TO BEAT HIS OWN RECORD...

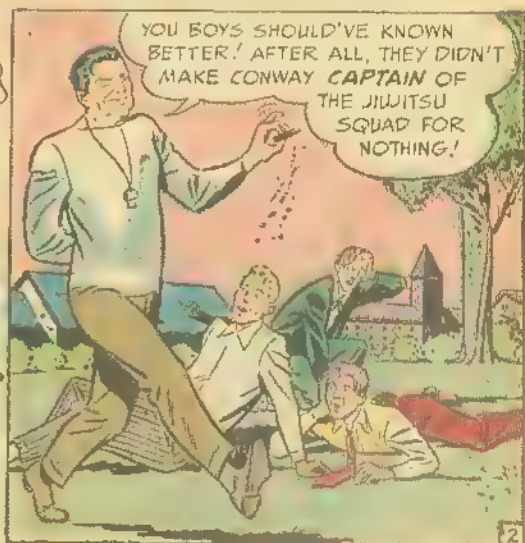
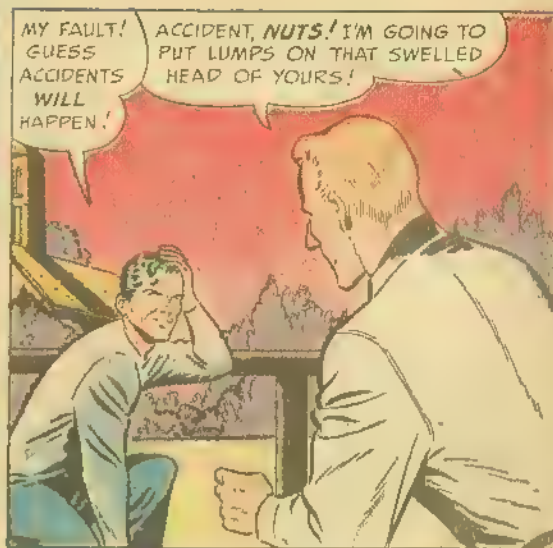
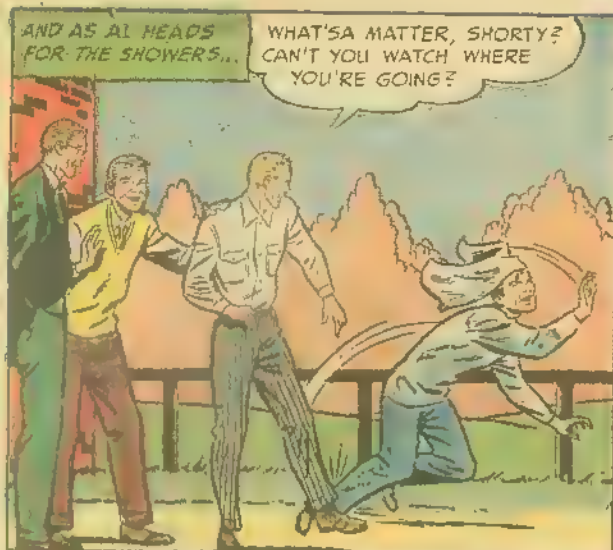
YOU'VE DONE IT, LITTLE AL! YOU'VE CLIPPED 3:2 SECONDS OFF YOUR ALL TIME HIGH FOR THE COURSE.



THAT SHRIMP'S BEEN MAKIN' SUCKERS OUT OF US FROM THE FROSH YEAR RIGHT SMACK THROUGH SENIOR!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, KAY!





NOT MANY DAYS LATER, IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE AT BLAKELY COLLEGE...

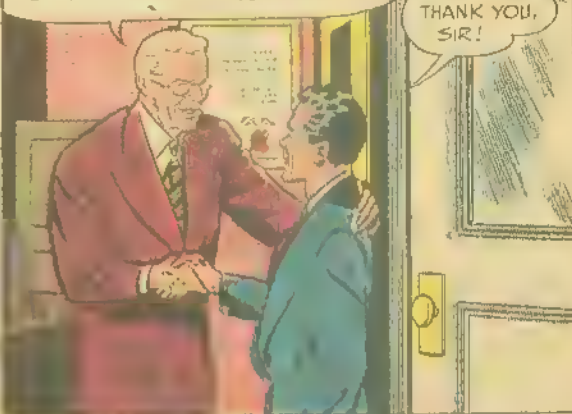
YOU'LL BE GRADUATING IN A FEW DAYS, CONWAY, AND I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SPEAK TO YOU. YOU'VE NOT ONLY EXCELLED IN EVERY SPORT AT BLAKELY, BUT YOU'VE TAKEN TOP HONORS IN MATH, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS AND BIOLOGY. WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE PLANS, AL?

I'M EXPECTING SOMETHING, BUT I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT YET!



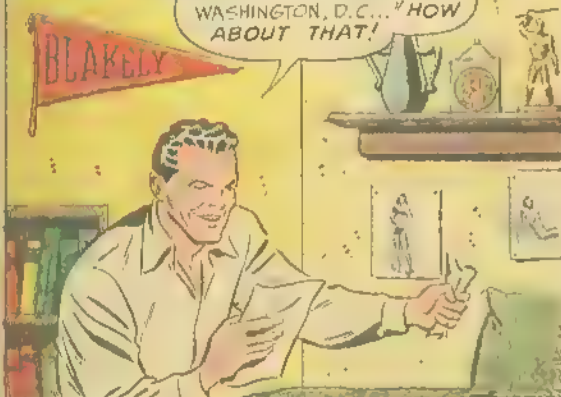
ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, I WON'T PRY! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT BLAKELY IS PROUD OF YOU, AND NO MATTER WHAT YOUR UNDERTAKINGS ARE, WE'RE CERTAIN YOU'LL SUCCEED!

THANK YOU, SIR!



A WEEK AFTER GRADUATION, THE ALL-IMPORTANT MESSAGE ARRIVES...

"...YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN APPROVED, AND YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED TO REPORT TO NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON, D.C..." HOW ABOUT THAT!



AND WHEN HE ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL...

THIS IS IT! BLAKELY WAS FUN, BUT THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST! THIS IS THE BIG, IMPORTANT THING NOW! I SUPPOSE I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS, AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE CHANCE... MY ONE PRAYER IS TO MAKE GOOD!



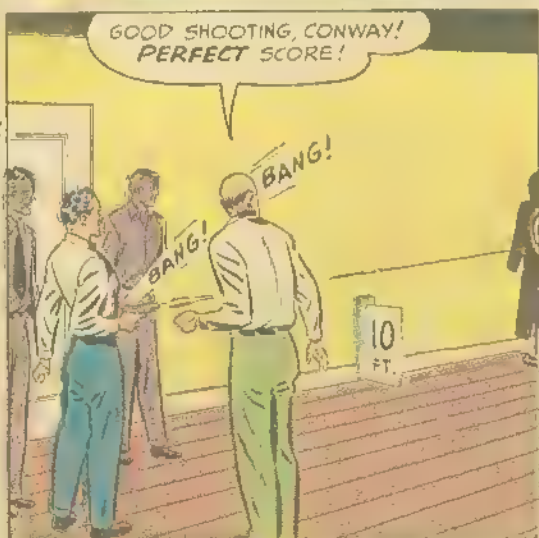
DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, AL CONWAY, ALONG WITH A GROUP OF OTHER YOUNG HOPEFULS, GOES THRU THE EXACTING PACE OF THE FBI. TRAINING PROGRAM...

GOOD SHOOTING, CONWAY! PERFECT SCORE!

BANG!

BANG!

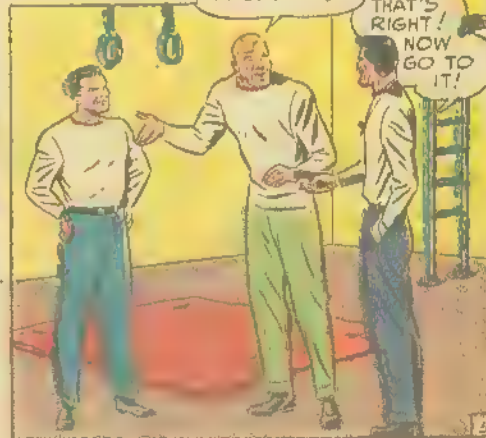
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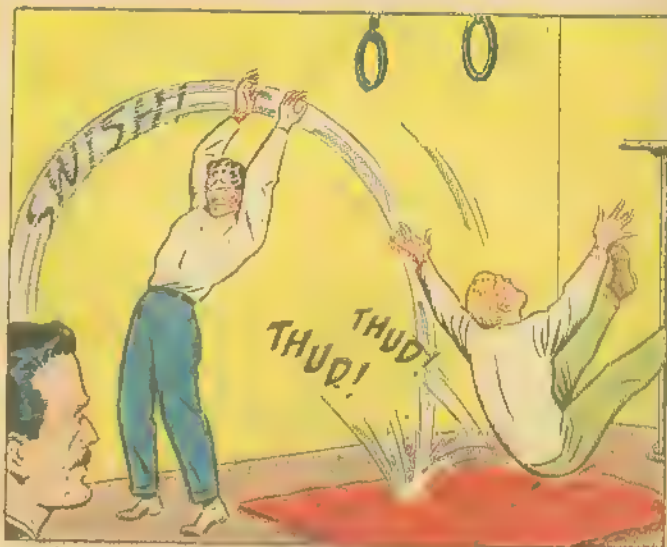


AND WHEN THE PROGRAM ENTERS ITS FINAL PHASES...

YOU MEAN THIS LITTLE GUY IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE GUN AWAY FROM ME?

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW GO TO IT!



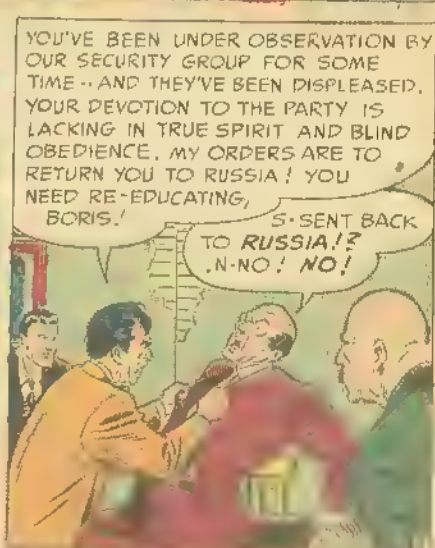
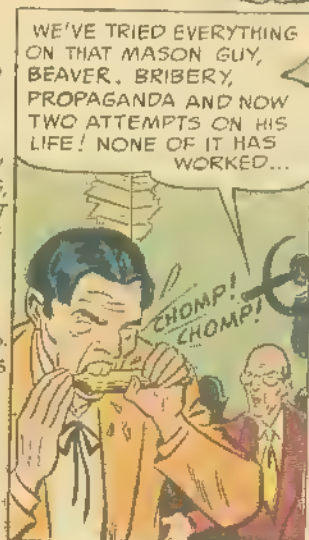


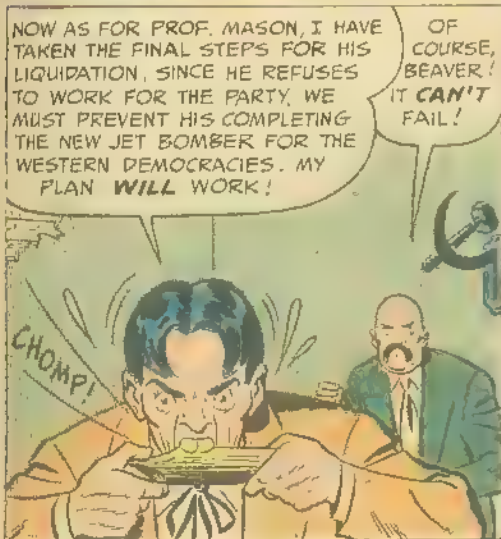
THE INTENSIVE PROGRAM COMPLETED THE TWO GRADUATES GET THEIR FIRST ASSIGNMENT...

BRIEFLY, YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT IS TO TRAVEL TO NEW ORLEANS WHERE YOU'LL CONTACT PROF. WHITNEY MASON. HE'S BEEN DOING ADVANCE DESIGNING ON A NEW JET BOMBER. THERE HAVE BEEN TWO RECENT THREATS ON HIS LIFE, AND WE KNOW IT STEMS FROM A RED GROUP. THIS ENVELOPE CONTAINS ALL THE DETAILS. YOU'LL BOTH LEAVE AT ONCE.



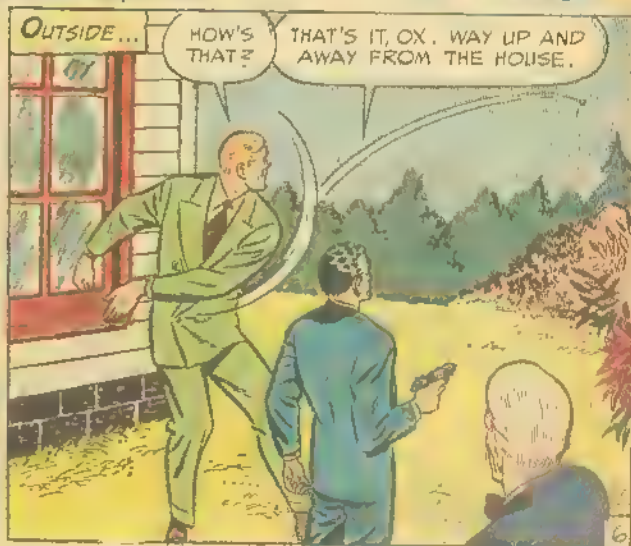
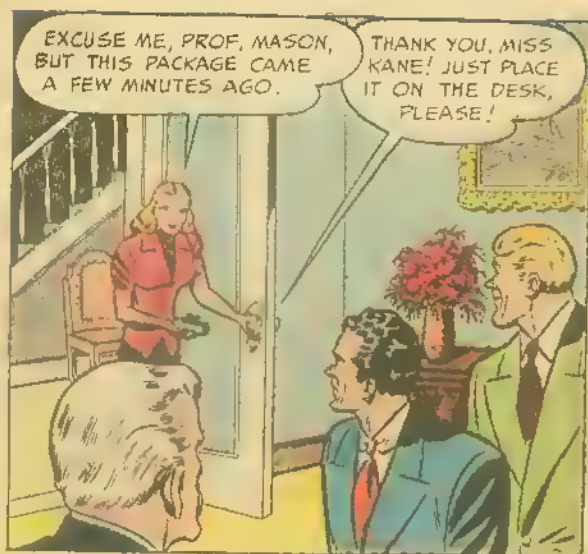
AND AS THE TWO F.B.I. MEN LEAVE FOR NEW ORLEANS, A SECRET MEETING TAKES PLACE IN A COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS IN THAT SAME CITY...

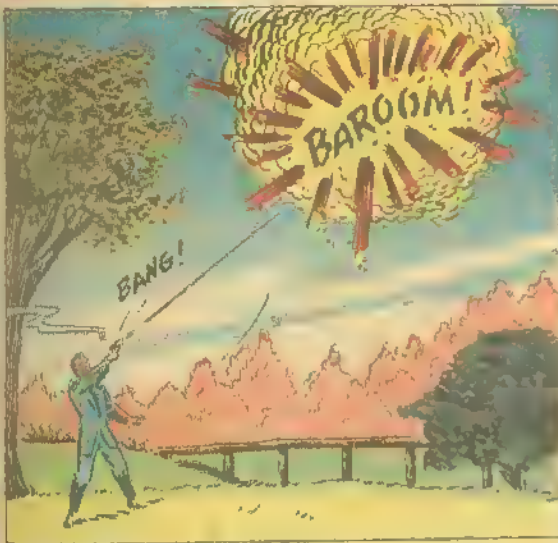




AND WHEN LITTLE AL AND ON ARRIVE AT PROF. MASON'S HOME THE FOLLOWING DAY...







GREAT
HEAVENS!
THAT
B-BALL
WAS--

AN EXPLOSIVE BOOBY-TRAP, PROFESSOR: THAT GEORGE CHARACTER WASN'T KIDDING! HE GUARANTEED A HOLE IN ONE EXCEPT HE MEANT A HOLE MEASURING THREE FEET ACROSS BY SIX DEEP FOR YOU! LET'S GO BACK IN THE HOUSE

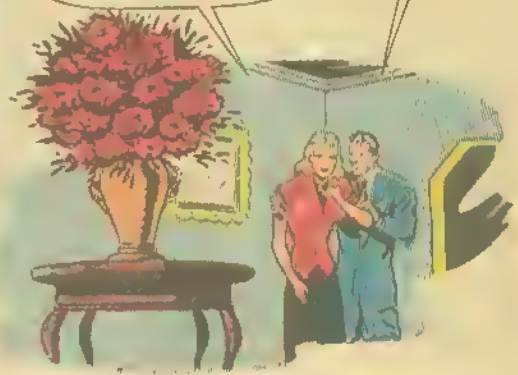
TAKE THESE BALLS AND START CHECKING THE SPORTING GOODS STORES IN TOWN. SEE IF YOU CAN'T TRACE DOWN THE SALE. CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THEM. IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT TO TALK WITH PROFESSOR MASON'S SECRETARY.

RIGHT, LITTLE AL! I'LL CALL IN EVERY COUPLE HOURS.



HOW DREADFUL, MR. CONWAY. YES, I DO REMEMBER THE MAN WHO BROUGHT IT-- HE HAD THE **STRANGEST** FACE, I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE.

GOOD GIRL! THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY LATER ON!



MEANWHILE THE HOURS DRAG BY, AS OX TRIES ONE SHOP AFTER THE OTHER WITHOUT SUCCESS...

THIS WILL BE THE SIXTEENTH STORE SO FAR, AND NOT ONE OF THEM EVEN CARRIED THIS BRAND OF BALL!

**SPORTING
GOODS**



YES, WE DO CARRY THIS BALL. IT'S A VERY CHEAP BRAND AND WE'VE BEEN HANDLING THEM FOR A SPECIAL CUSTOMER. HE RUNS A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AT THE PLAYLAND CARNIVAL. NAME IS DRAJA.

THAT'S A LEAD, THANKS A LOT.





A SHORT WHILE LATER...

F.B.I.--I WANT TO SEE MR. DRAJA. WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

DRAJA D. DOESN'T HANG AROUND MUCH, B-BUT I CAN TAKE A LOOK IN THE OFFICE. I'LL G-GO RIGHT NOW.



THAT GUY ACTED A LITTLE TOO JUMPY TO SUIT ME. I BETTER TAKE A LOOK.



KIND OF DARK IN HERE. I WONDER IF--OH-H!

GOOD! DRAG HIM INSIDE.

CRACK!



WHEN ON COMES TO...

SO I'M IN COMMIE HEADQUARTERS, RIGHT SHACK IN A CARNIVAL!

CORRECT! A UNIQUE PLACE, I ADMIT-- BUT VERY PRACTICAL! A PERFECT FRONT, MR. INVESTIGATOR!



NOT THAT PERFECT! THERE'LL BE OTHERS ON THE WAY!

I'M PERFECTLY AWARE THAT YOU INVESTIGATORS TRAVEL IN PAIRS. WHEN YOU FAIL TO CALL IN YOUR ABLE PARTNER WILL PICK UP YOUR TRAIL-- FOLLOW YOU HERE. WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!



BUT NOT TOO LONG LATER, LITTLE AL GETS HIS TIP-OFF FROM AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SOURCE...

YOU SAY YOU SPOTTED THE MAN WHO DELIVERED THE PACKAGE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. CONWAY, HE'S AT THE PLAYLAND CARNIVAL. I CAME HERE WITH MY BOYFRIEND AND I SAW HIM-- THAT SAME UGLY FACE. HURRY--HURRY!

AND WHEN LITTLE AL JOINS THE GIRL AND HER BOYFRIEND AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...

THERE HE IS, MR. CONWAY. HE'S ABOUT READY TO LEAVE. ONE MORE FAVOR. CALL THIS NUMBER AND TELL THEM ALL YOU KNOW. THEY'LL DO THE REST. IN THE MEANWHILE I'LL TRAIL THIS GUY!

GOOD! I THINK

RIGHT, SIR!

MINUTES LATER...

I COULD FOLLOW HIM THROUGH THAT SIDE DOOR, BUT THAT WOULD BE THE EASY WAY...A LITTLE TOO EASY!

DOING IT THE HARD WAY, LITTLE AL GOES TO THE ROOF AND...

HMMM... SEEMS AS IF THEY WERE EXPECTING SOMEONE TO COME THROUGH THE DOOR. IN THAT CASE I'LL SURPRISE THEM AND --

CRASH!

WHA--? GET HIM!

I GOT THIS ONE, LITTLE AL!

AND I'VE GOT THESE!

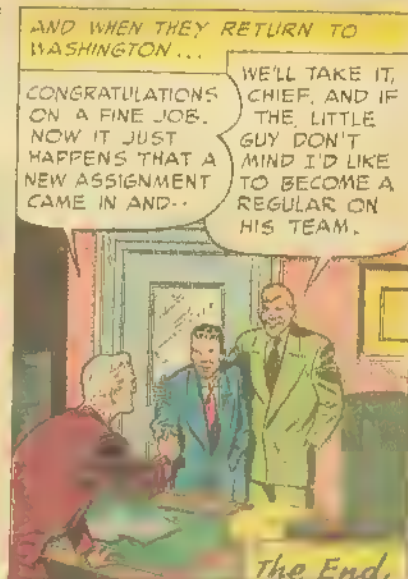
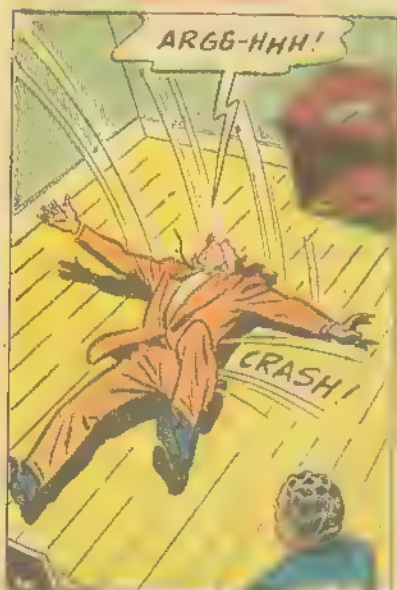
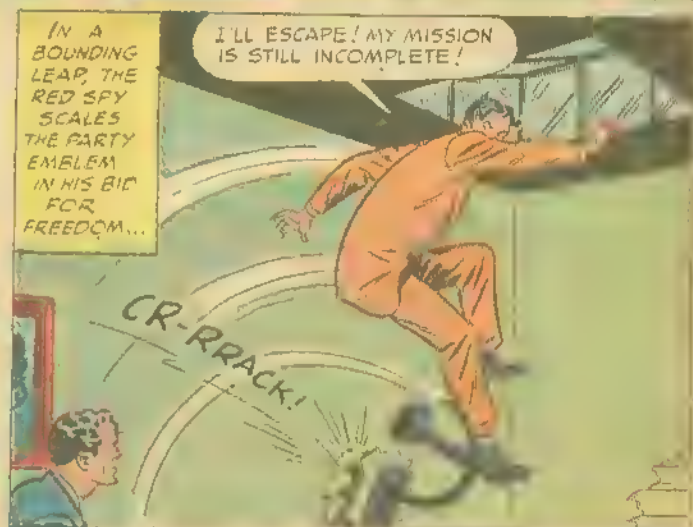
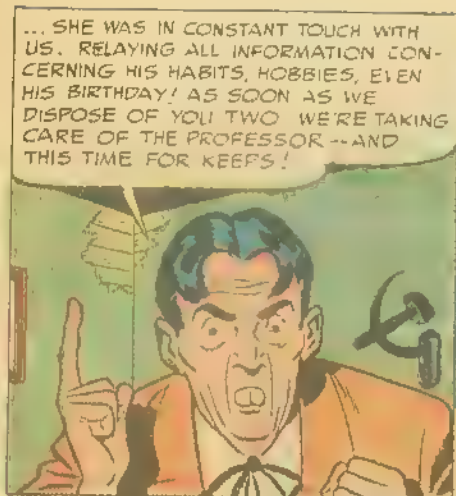
WHAM!

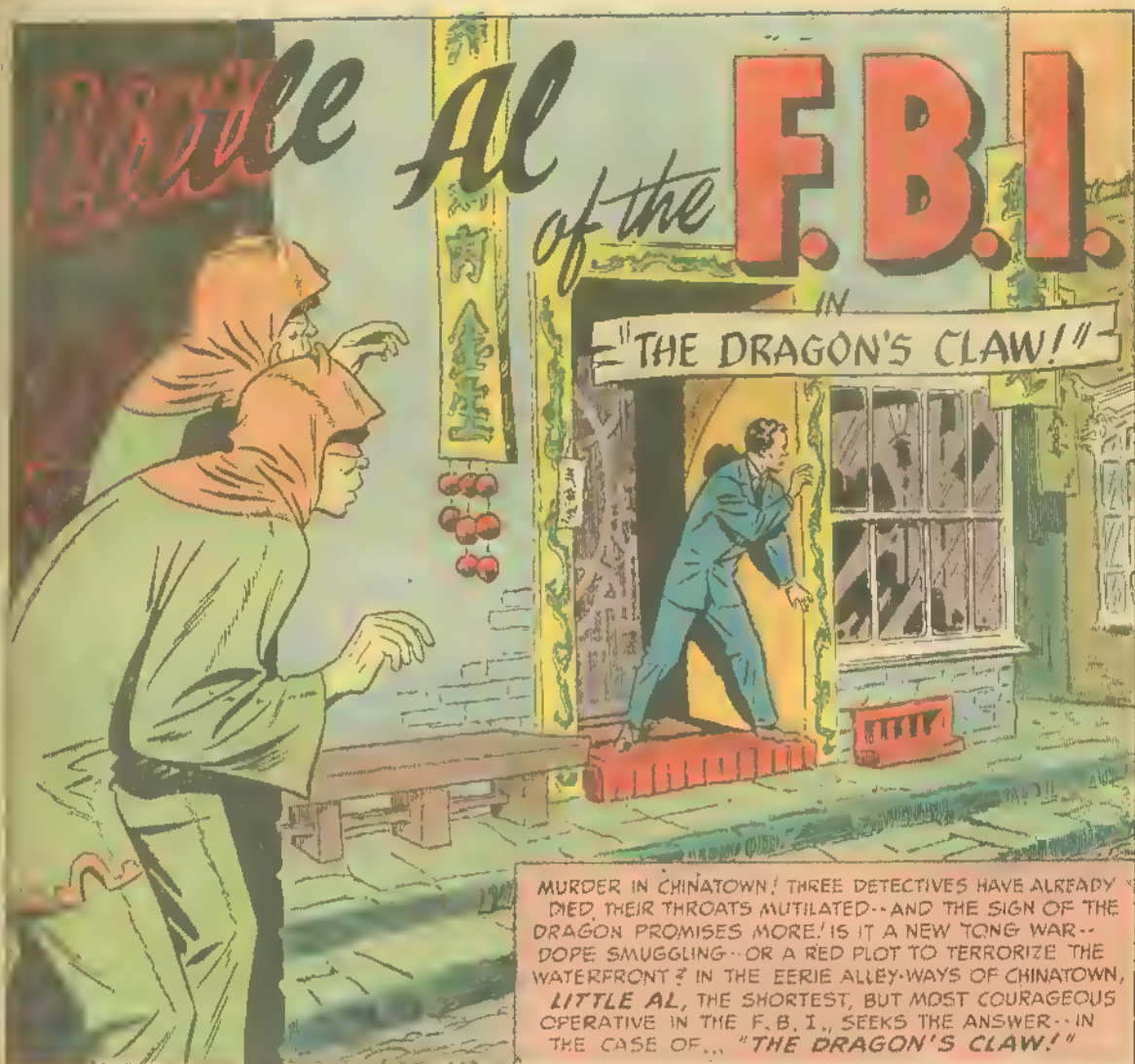
SOCK!

THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. CONWAY. TURN AROUND WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

WHA--?!

THANK YOU, MISS KANE. YOUR APPEARING THIS WAY SEEMS TO HAVE SURPRISED THESE TWO. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT PROFESSOR MASON'S OWN SECRETARY WAS A PARTY MEMBER!





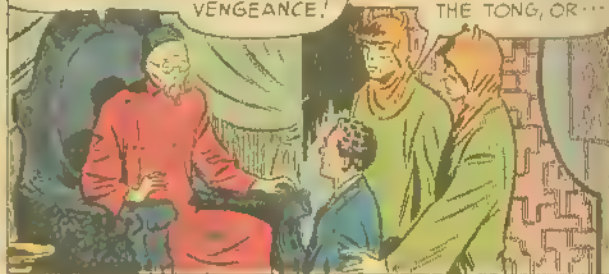
THOSE SHADOWS MAKE THEM LOOK NINE FEET TALL! I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING ME?



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I AM CHUNG HO SHAN, LEADER OF THE PEACEFUL DRAGON TONG WHICH HAS BEEN BLAMED FOR RECENT UNREST HERE, MY SON. I MUST MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND! THE TONG IS INNOCENT OF THESE MURDERS -- BUT ITS HONOR HAS BEEN INSULTED! YOU MUST LEAVE CHINATOWN, AND LET THE TONG SEEK ITS OWN VENGEANCE!

I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AS A GREAT MAN, CHUNG HO SHAN. BUT I CANNOT DO AS YOU ASK. IT IS MY DUTY TO ARREST THOSE WHO COMMITTED THESE CRIMES, WHETHER THEY ARE OF THE TONG, OR...



THE TONG WILL SETTLE ITS OWN AFFAIRS! IF YOU WILL NOT GIVE ME YOUR WORD TO LEAVE THIS MATTER TO US--

I'M SORRY, I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. AND NOW I'LL SAY GOOD-NIGHT--



I REGRET YOUR DECISION, FOR NOW I MUST REGRETFULLY INFORM YOU THAT YOU CANNOT LEAVE!

STAY, SMALL EXCUSE FOR A MAN! THE LEADER ORDERS IT!



SMALL EXCUSE FOR A--? WHY, YOU OVERGROWN APE!

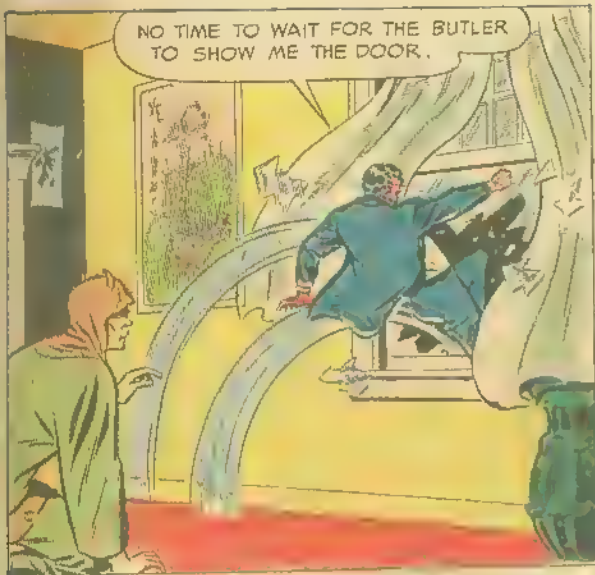
DDDDFFFF!



STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!

WANNA GET ROUGH, HAH? THAT'S OKAY WITH LITTLE AL!





MEAN-
WHILE, IN
THE
OFFICE
OF WESLEY
STEELE,
F.B.I.
DISTRICT
CHIEF, A
QUIET,
PURPOSE-
FUL MEETING
IS TAKING
PLACE.

MR. STEELE, MAY I PRESENT
THE STAGG BROTHERS,
CARL, JOHN AND WALTER.
THEY ARE THE OWNERS OF
THE LARGEST CURIO SHOP
IN CHINATOWN, AND THE
FIRST TO BRING THESE
VICIOUS MURDERS TO
MY ATTENTION.

GENTLEMEN -- MR.
MAYOR -- THIS IS
MY SECRETARY,
MARCIA JORDAN.
NOW, LET'S GET
DOWN TO BUSINESS.
WHAT ARE YOUR
OPINIONS OF SO-
CALLED DRAGON
MURDERS?



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE MEETING IS NO
LONGER SO QUIET...

I TELL YOU,
IT'S A NEW
TONG WAR!
THE DRAGON
TONG...

I SUSPECT
A COMMUNIST
PLOT TO TIE
UP THE
DOCKS!

GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE! LET'S
CONSIDER THE
EVIDENCE!
HERE'S THE
LATEST DRAGON
WARNING!



BUT I THINK IT MAY BE THE
LAST! I HAVE ASSIGNED MY
BEST MAN TO THIS CASE!



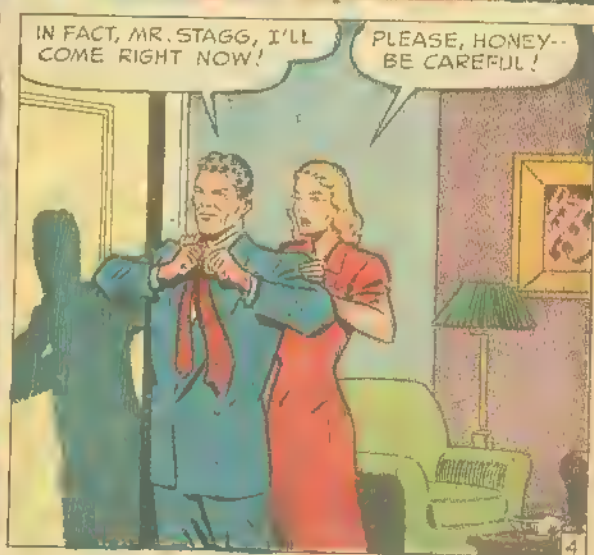
HE CAN BE COUNTED ON TO
WORK QUIETLY, STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE, REMAIN
UNKNOWN TO THE KILLERS
UNTIL -- UNTIL --



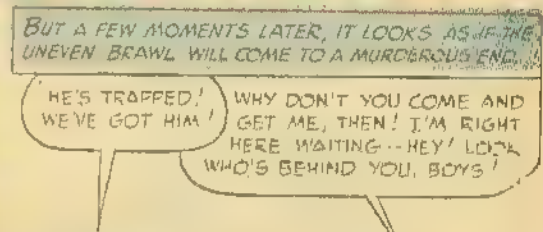
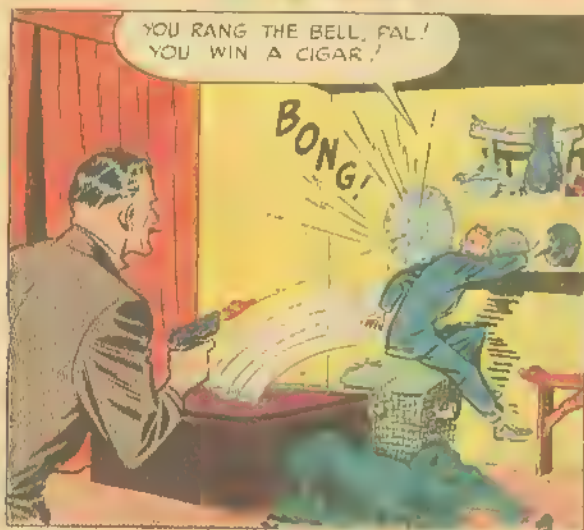
--LITTLE
AL!!

HELLO, BOSS!
WERE YOU
DISCUSSING ME?









HA! THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE WORLD! "LOOK BEHIND YOU"...

THE-- DRAGON TONG! CARL! WALTER! HELP!

WHADDOYA KNOW? SAVED-- BY THE CHINESE MARINES!



THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, CHUNG HO SHAN-- AND MY APOLOGIES FOR ANY SUSPICION OF THE TONG I MAY HAVE HAD. NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME HAVE MY PRISONERS--

YOU ARE A STUBBORN, BRAVE MAN, MY SON. I LIKE THAT! BUT IT IS NO USE. WE OUTNUMBER YOU BY FAR.

NO! DON'T LET THEM TAKE US! HELP! WE'LL TALK-- TELL EVERYTHING!

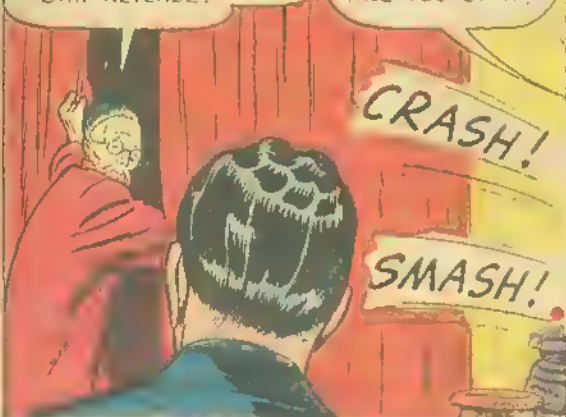


I TOLD YOU, IT IS WRITTEN-- THE TONG MUST TAKE ITS OWN REVENGE!

LITTLE AL! WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU OKAY?

CRASH!

SMASH!



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN -- WE COULD HEAR THE NOISE A MILE AWAY! GOOD THING MARCIA BROUGHT US! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE HIRSCH BROTHERS, ALIAS STAGG, WERE BEHIND THE MURDERS! THEY ARE RED AGENTS. THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY, ESCORTED BY SOME LARGE MEMBERS OF THE DRAGON TONG!

AFTER 'EM, BOYS!



--AND THEY WERE EX-GESTAPO MEN, WORKING FOR THE REDS TO TIE UP A WATERFRONT CITY? WHY, THOSE SNEAKY, FIFTH-COLUMN--!

THEY'VE VANISHED, MR. STEELE! WE'LL COMB THE TOWN FOR 'EM--BUT IN MY OPINION, WE'LL NEVER SEE THE STAGG BROTHERS AGAIN--NOT ALIVE, ANYHOW!

LOOK BOSS, MAYBE I COULD TRACE THEM IF I STARTED RIGHT NOW AND ---



OH, NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'VE COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO GETTING MURDERED ENOUGH TIMES FOR AWHILE! IN FACT, LITTLE MAN-- YOU'VE HAD A *BUSY* NIGHT!



THE END

THE PLOTTERS!

"I thought they were tough. Everybody tells me these G-guys are really rugged," the big, yellow-haired one, Kroner, said. "But this one isn't. He isn't so starchy. Look at him! I give him some humps and he folds, conks out, just like anybody else. And I thought I was goin' to have a workout with this Fed!" Kroner made a sound of disgust.

Lee Masters heard the things Kroner said but they sounded distant and echoingly unreal, like a voice at the far end of a tunnel. Masters fought off the waves of blackness that threatened to engulf him. With tremendous effort he got to his hands and knees.

"Take another look, Kroner," the man called Roggov, said. "You didn't finish him. Wait a minute! Hold it! Don't kick him again! Let him get to his feet, shake some of the cobwebs out of his brain. Maybe he's willing to talk a little, now!"

Rough hands yanked at Masters, spun him around. Somebody laughed. Somebody said: "Look at him, swaying, staggering like a drunk! And the light seems to be hurting his eyes! What's the matter, Masters? What are you wining about? You ain't seen nothing yet! Kroner is a craftsman who enjoys his work. When he gets through with you, they'll have to wire every bone in your body. Unless—"

"Stop him!" Masters croaked, hoarsely through split lips. He backed away from the two-hundred-pound, six-foot, yellow-haired hulk called Kroner. "He's coming after me again! Don't let him get to me! I—I'll tell you anything you want to know. Anything!" His voice broke in a half-sobbing sound.

"That's better," Roggov told him. "That's more like it. Let him sit down, Kroner. Let him be comfortable."

Kroner's ham-sized hands hurtled Lee Masters toward a chair. He fell into it. Put his battered face into his hands. He could see them through his fingers. Deep inside his brain a small voice was cataloguing them. He didn't ever want to forget any of these faces, in case this thing didn't work out the way the Bureau had planned it.

"Roggov's the big shot," the voice said. "Roggov, loudly dressed, fat and greasy, always sweating. Roggov, with the shiny bald head and the three chins and the little red kewpie-bow mouth. Roggov, whose twisted genius cooked up this wild, crazy caper that's been driving The Chief and all of us haywire the past few months!"

Masters kept making harsh, wheezing noises

as he breathed, stalling for time, while his eyes, peeking through his slitted fingers took in the rest of the five men who had brought him to this waterfront tenement flat.

"And Kroner, of course," the little voice in his brain said. "The goon, the strong-arm kid, who gets sore if you pass out too quickly on him . . . And the other three, the Fritz brothers, the gunsels, sitting around watching, with vapid smiles on their faces and Lugers in their laps, impatiently waiting for their turn, to finish the job Kroner started, ready to blast one G-man."

Roggov's syrupy voice broke into Masters' reverie. He said: "You've recovered enough to talk. Let's go, Masters. Tell us what we want to know and you'll be safe. We——"

"How do I know that?" Masters cut in. "Maybe if I tell you how much our Bureau knows about your plot to bomb the United Nations' building I won't be of any more use to you and you'll kill me. What good's your word? Until I do give you that info, you don't dare kill me. You know that we caught one of your men and that he sung about your plot. But you don't know much. If you knew that, you could change your plans accordingly. As it stands now, you don't dare make a move. Yet, you're committed to the foreign power that hired you, to go through with the plot no matter how much you have to change your plans."

"That's right," Roggov said. He sighed, patiently, dabbed sweat from his massive brow with a silk handkerchief. "We can't kill you, Masters— but we can make you wish you were dead. I'm afraid you're stalling . . . Kroner, get to work. And don't be quite so gentle, this time."

Masters' hands dropped from his face. He saw Kroner's hulking figure coming toward him again. A big, gloating smile was spread all over Kroner's ugly, twisted features. He was fitting a set of shiny brass rings over his sausage-sized fingers.

"Stop him, Roggov!" Masters said. "I—I'll quit stalling. I'll tell you everything. We've known for several months that you've been in the employ of this power but we didn't know how or when you were going to strike until a few days ago when we grabbed your man, Snyder. He told us how you've got a secret air strip out on Long Island, built a facsimile of one of our long range bombers. On the Third of March, in the middle of the afternoon, that bomber, with U. S. markings will fly in low over Manhattan and drop five hundred pounds of incendiary bombs, from

about a thousand feet to insure a direct hit, right on the United Nations building.

Roggov's lardy face went gray. He leaned forward in his chair, his kewpie lips peeled back from his teeth. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation knows all that? It's impossible! Snyder didn't *have* all that information. He couldn't have given it to you! I'm the only one who knows all those details. I don't see how —"

"Then you mean it's true?" Masters cut in, unbelievably. "We thought Snyder was insane. We didn't really think there was any such plan. It's too wild. Roggov, even *you* wouldn't dare to try and pull a bold stunt like that!"

Roggov's fat figure jerked in the chair. "Of course, it's true. The very boldness of the plan will be the thing that'll make it work. Tell me, Masters—does your Bureau know *where* this air strip is, on Long Island; its exact location?"

"No," Masters answered. "But the whole Island is swarming with investigators. We soon will find it."

"You'll be too late," Roggov stood up. His beady little eyes rolled wildly. "We won't wait until the date set. We'll move tomorrow. Nothing can stop us, now. You see, Masters, your department has been knocking itself out for nothing. It —"

The rest of his words were drowned by the splintering, crashing sound of a door being knocked down. Roggov and Kroner and the Fritz brothers wheeled toward the door of the apartment, just as a big-shouldered man with clean-cut features and dressed like any young executive, stepped in over the caved-in door. He held a sub-machine gun leveled at the group in the room. Behind him, half a dozen others crowded after him into the small tenement flat. The leader shouted: "Don't anybody make a move! Put your hands to the back of your neck, Roggov! Tell your boys to drop their guns. You haven't got a chance!"

"It's a trap!" Roggov cried.

"Yeah," Masters admitted, a grin moving across his battered face. "These boys were in the next apartment, listening in, recording our little conversation, Roggov. Your den, here, is well lugged, with a dozen different dictograph listening units planted around. You see, the F. B. I. never settles for partial or circumstantial evidence. We knew all about your plot, Roggov, but to make sure you and your men wouldn't squirm free at a trial, we needed what amounted to an actual confession, in

your own words. I let myself be captured by your gang, banged up by Kroner so that it wouldn't look like I was being made to talk too easily—then get you to admit that the information we had on you was true. You understand?"

The fat spy understood all too well. Fear was suddenly like a mask on his face. He knew that with the evidence against him, he would be convicted as a spy, so he had nothing to lose. His hand darted inside his jacket, came out clutching a Belgian automatic. But he never got to use it. The machine gun of one of Masters' fellow agents stuttered briefly. Roggov hugged his fat paunch and fell over onto his face. He didn't move again. The rest of his gang stared in horror at the crumpled figure of their dead leader. They made no move to escape after that. With their hands upraised, they marched meekly out of the flat. All except Kroner. As he was about to leave, Lee Masters put out a hand, stopped him. He said to his district leader:

"Do me a favor, Chuck. Let me have a quiet little talk with this big goon for about five minutes. I have a little debt to repay him."

The other man readily agreed. The door shut, locking Masters and Kroner alone in the flat. There was the sound of furniture being broken, a lot of scuffling and cursing and groaning, accompanied by the dull thud of fist against bone. It lasted for about five minutes. Then everything was quiet inside the apartment. When the door opened again, Lee Masters came out, dragging Kroner's limp carcass by the hair. Masters grinned at the other F. B. I. agents.

"I don't know," he said, chuckling. "This guy suddenly went haywire in there, started breaking up furniture and running into walls and falling down all over the floor, like a berserk bull, until he finally knocked himself out. Got bunged up some, doing it, too. Too bad!" Masters made chucking noise with his tongue.

They looked at Kroner's face. He was badly battered. The District Leader sighed, said: "Okay, men, let's cart what's left of him out of here . . . Masters, when you are assigned to a job, you really do it up well, right to the last detail, don't you?"

Masters just smiled and hoped that the next assignment he got wouldn't be quite so rough. He didn't know how much of this sort of thing his own face could take—or his knuckles, either, for that matter.

THE END

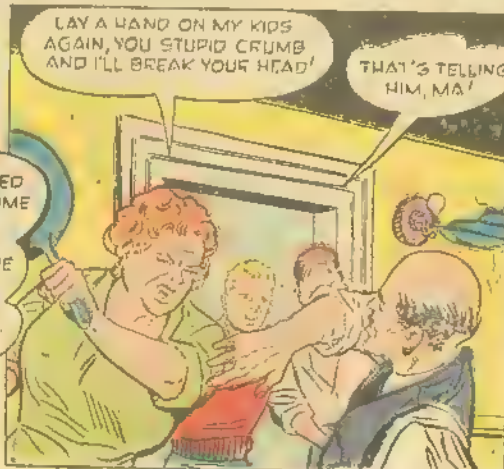
SONS OF THE TIGRESS



IF SOME WOMEN MAY BE CALLED CATS, MA BARKER MUST BE CALLED A TIGRESS! NOT ONLY DID SHE DEFEND HER EVIL BROOD WITH MURDEROUS FEROCITY, BUT SHE HERSELF WAS A MAN-KILLER WHOSE CUNNING COULD ONLY BE MATCHED BY A VICIOUSNESS UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME! THE BARKER OOYS WERE TRULY... "SONS OF THE TIGRESS"!



MA BARKER TRAINED HER FOUR FEARSOME SONS TO DESPISE AUTHORITY! FROM THE DAY THEY WERE FOUR THEY NEVER HAD A FATHER TO KEEP THEM IN LINE. THANKS TO MA...



LAY A HAND ON MY KIDS AGAIN, YOU STUPID CRUMB AND I'LL BREAK YOUR HEAD!

THAT'S TELLING HIM, MA!

IF THEY STOLE, SHE MADE EXCUSES FOR THEM! IF THEY PLAYED HOOKIE, SHE DEFENDED THEM!

THEY STAYED OUT OF SCHOOL FOR ME, MR. HUGGINS! I WAS SICK AND I COULDN'T AFFORD A NURSE! HERMAN AND LLOYD RAN ERRANDS TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY THE DOCTOR!

DID YOU HEAR, THAT, FELLERS! WHAT A LIAR MA IS! SHE'S TERRIFIC! HA! HA!



THEY WERE ROTTEN FROM THE START... AND MA BARKER KEPT THEM THAT WAY!



THIS IS A FRAME-UP! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! I WASN'T EVEN NEAR THAT DRUG STORE TONIGHT!

THERE'S A DRUGGIST DYING OF GUN SHOT WOUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL WHO SAYS **DIFFERENT!** NO FUSS, DOC, OR WE'LL CARRY YOU OUT!

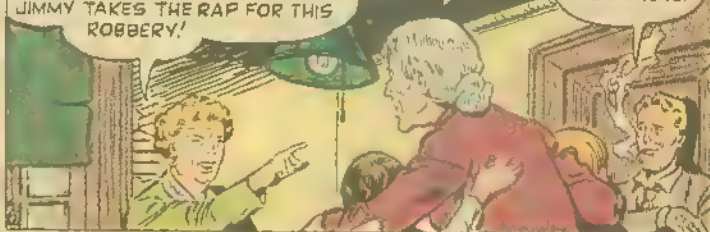


WHEN THE JOPLIN POLICE JAILED DOC AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, MA WASTED NO TIME VISITING THE PARTNER'S MOTHER! THEN WOMAN-TO-WOMAN, SHE SAID...

YOU'VE GOT THREE NICE CHILDREN, MA'AM! YOU'D LIKE 'EM TO **GROW UP**, I'LL BET! WELL, THEY **WON'T**, MA'AM! NOT UNLESS YOUR SON JIMMY TAKES THE RAP FOR THIS ROBBERY!

BUT YOUR DOC FORCED MY JIMMY TO GO ALONG...

NO, LADY! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! DOC WASN'T EVEN THERE!



FREDDY AND LLOYD VISITED THE JAILHOUSE AND SPELLED OUT THE SITUATION FOR JIMMY...

IT'S NO SKIN OFF YOUR NOSE JIMMY! **YOU** GOTTA DO TIME, ANYWAY, SO WHY DRAG DOC IN? ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'LL FIX YOUR MA AN' THE KIDS. BUT **GOOD!**

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SAY THE DRUGGIST WAS NUTS! YOU PULLED THE JOB WITH A GUY YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE, WHO BLEW TOWN RIGHT AFTER THE JOB...



P.S. DOC GOT OFF...

HOW'D YOU SWING IT, MA?

WITH A MEAT-AXE SON! YOU CAN GET **ANYTHING** YOU WANT IF YOU SCARE PEOPLE!



THE BOYS CARRIED OUT THEIR MOTHER'S IDEAS TO THE LETTER... EXCEPT THE PART ABOUT GETTING AWAY WITH IT! THE BOYS PULLED THE STICK-UPS ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY WERE NAILED WITH THE SAME REGULARITY!



GET 'EM UP, BARKER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

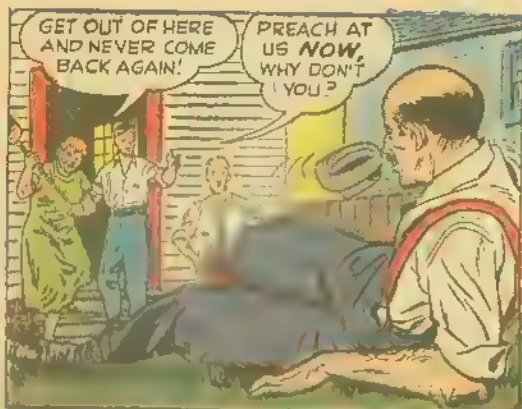
PRETTY SOON, AT LEAST ONE BARKER BOY WAS ALWAYS DOING TIME! POOR MR. BARKER TRIED TO REASON WITH HIS SONS... BUT IT WAS USELESS...

HE'S STARTIN' TO PREACH AGAIN! HIM WHO NEVER EARNED MORE'N FIFTY BUCKS A WEEK IN HIS LIFE!

WAIT! I GOT A **BETTER** IDEA! I SHOULD'VE DONE IT A **LONG** AGO!

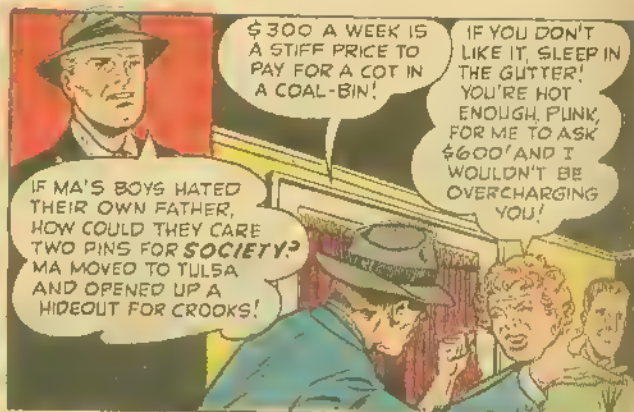
KNOCK HIS TEETH OUT!





GET OUT OF HERE
AND NEVER COME
BACK AGAIN!

PREACH AT
US **NOW**,
WHY DON'T
YOU?



\$300 A WEEK IS
A STIFF PRICE TO
PAY FOR A COT IN
A COAL-BIN!

IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT, SLEEP IN
THE GUTTER!
YOU'RE HOT
ENOUGH, PUNK,
FOR ME TO ASK
\$600! AND I
WOULDN'T BE
OVERCHARGING
YOU!

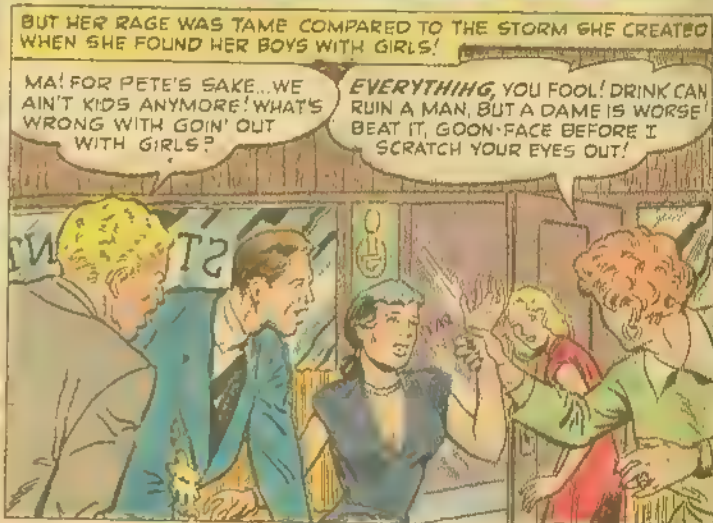
IF MA'S BOYS HATED
THEIR OWN FATHER,
HOW COULD THEY CARE
TWO PINS FOR **SOCIETY**?
MA MOVED TO TULSA
AND OPENED UP A
HIDEOUT FOR CROOKS!



STRANGELY ENOUGH, MA BARKER DREW
THE LINE AT TWO THINGS...LIQUOR...

HEY...MRS. BARKER
...WAIT! I PAID \$15
A BOTTLE FOR
THAT STUFF!

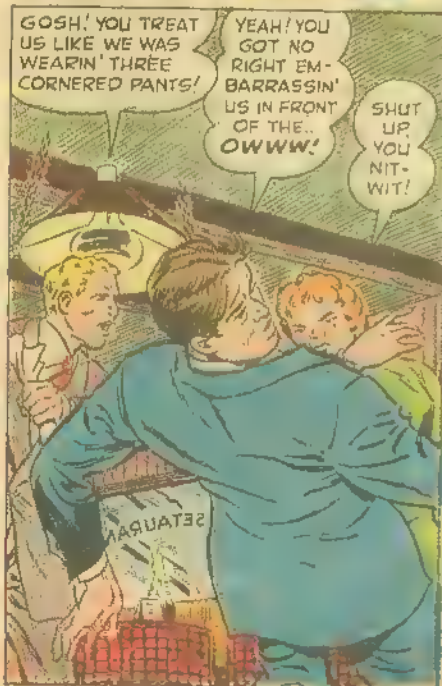
I DON'T CARE IF YOU
PAID A MILLION! I
HATE LIQUOR AND I
HATE DRUNKS WORSE!



BUT HER RAGE WAS TAME COMPARED TO THE STORM SHE CREATED
WHEN SHE FOUND HER BOYS WITH GIRLS!

MA! FOR PETE'S SAKE...WE
AIN'T KIDS ANYMORE! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH GOIN' OUT
WITH GIRLS?

EVERYTHING, YOU FOOL! DRINK CAN
RUIN A MAN, BUT A DAME IS WORSE!
BEAT IT, GOON-FACE BEFORE I
SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!



GOSH! YOU TREAT
US LIKE WE WAS
WEARIN' THREE
CORNERED PANTS!

YEAH! YOU
GOT NO
RIGHT EM-
BARRASSIN'
US IN FRONT
OF THE...
OWWW!

SHUT
UP
YOU
NIT-
WIT!



BUT MA HAD TAUGHT HER BOYS **TOO WELL**! THEY DIDN'T LISTEN TO
ANYBODY... BECAUSE A WEEK LATER, AS LLOYD'S GIRL-FRIEND PLAYED
LOOKOUT...

ALL RIGHT, BIG
SHOT... FREEZE!

N...NO! **NO!** DON'T SHOOT!
I I GIVE UP! GERT, WHY
DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TIP ME
OFF? YOU SAW THE
COPPER COMIN'...

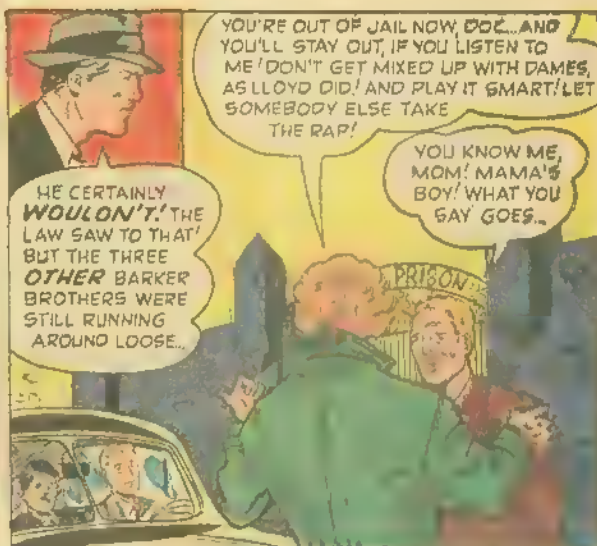
I...I COULDN'T
SAY ANYTHING!
I WAS TOO
FRIGHTENED!

MA WAS TORN BETWEEN TWO EMOTIONS: RAGE AT LLOYD FOR DISOBEYING HER AND HORROR AT THE FATE AWAITING HIM.

AS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF CONVICTIONS, YOUR PUNISHMENT FOR THIS CRIME, LLOYD BARKER, WILL BE 35 YEARS IN FEDERAL PRISON!

PLEASE, JUDGE...DON'T SEND MY BOY AWAY!
(SOB!) HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! HE'S A GOOD BOY!
(SOB!) HE'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

MA! MA! DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME AWAY! MA!



YOU'RE OUT OF JAIL NOW, DOC...AND YOU'LL STAY OUT, IF YOU LISTEN TO ME! DON'T GET MIXED UP WITH DAMES, AS LLOYD DID! AND PLAY IT SMART! LET SOMEBODY ELSE TAKE THE RAP!

YOU KNOW ME, MOM! MAMA'S BOY! WHAT YOU SAY GOES...

HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T! THE LAW SAW TO THAT! BUT THE THREE OTHER BARKER BROTHERS WERE STILL RUNNING AROUND LOOSE...

BUT DISOBEDIENCE WAS TOO INGRAINED IN THE BARKER BLOOD! A WEEK AFTER DOC WAS FREE, HE LEAPED BACK INTO THE WHIRLPOOL OF CRIME...

HEY, DOC! GET A MOVE ON! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME LEFT!

THAT'S BILL WELLS! YOU'RE GOIN' IN WITH HIM ON A STICK-UP! WHAT ABOUT YOUR PROMISE TO MA THAT WE'D ONLY PULL JOBS TOGETHER... JUST THE FAMILY?

LOOK...YOU KNOW HOW STINGY MA IS WITH A BUCK! I NEED A LITTLE PIN MONEY! THERE'S NOthin' TO WORRY ABOUT!



LOOKS LIKE YER BIG BROTHER'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU, DOC!

YEAH! I HEAR YOUR MA WEARS THE PANTS IN YOUR FAMILY!

WE JUST HUMOR MA ALONG! SHE'S GOT A LOTTA FUNNY IDEAS! SHE THINKS IF WE PULL ANYTHIN' ALONE IT BOOMERANGS!

BUT DOC WAS DESTINED TO REMEMBER THIS STICK-UP AS LONG AS HE LIVED...

LOOK OUT, DOC! THE WATCHMAN!

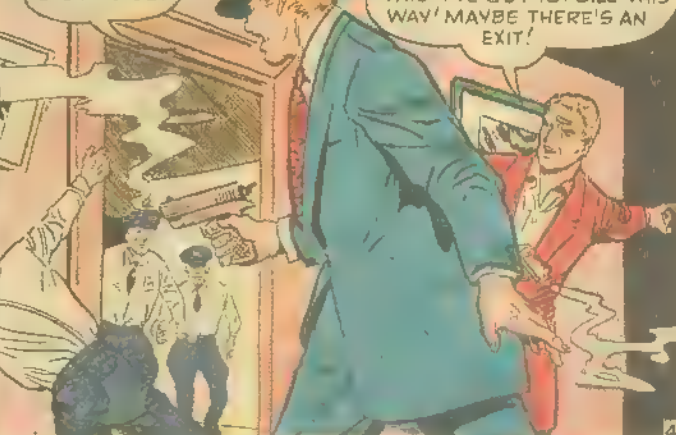
DON'T STAND THERE, YOU CHUMP! BLAST HIM! IT'S ONLY ONE GUY! WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

YOU'RE CRAZY! IT'S NO GOOD! HE SET OFF THE ALARM!



DIDN'T I TELL YOU? BULLS! THEY'LL BE COMIN' AT US FROM EVERY SIDE!

MA TOLD ME NOT TO GO! WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO HER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! I'VE GOT TO! BILL! THIS WAY! MAYBE THERE'S AN EXIT!





HERE'S YOUR SUIT, PAL! A ONE-WAY TICKET TO KING-- DOM-- COME! WANT IT?

NO! DON'T SHOOT! YOU'VE GOT ME! I'M DROPPIN' MY GUN!

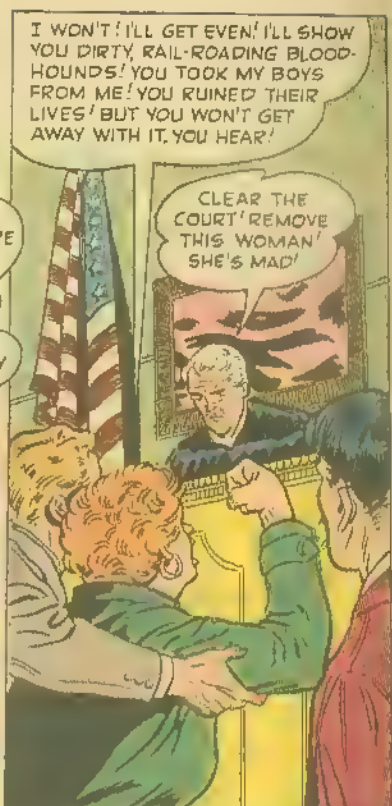
THAT'S THE ONLY SMART THING YOU DID TONIGHT, PUNK! KEEP 'EM UP!



DOC! DOC! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER! DON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU AWAY! YOU DIDN'T SHOOT ANYBODY! YOU WERE FRAMED!

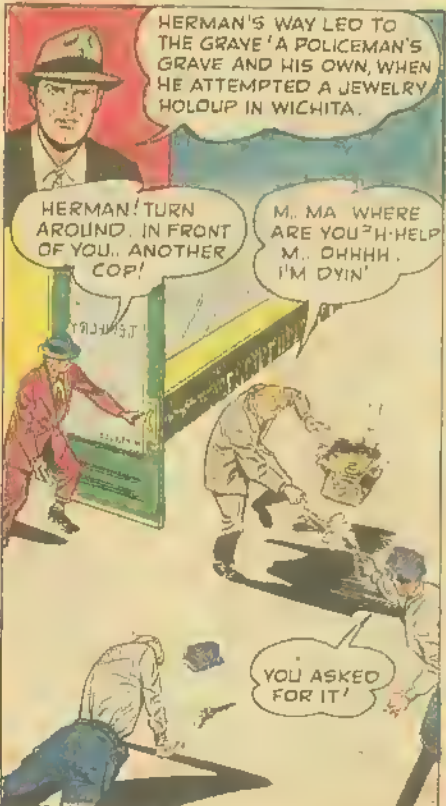
WHEN THE COURT SENTENCED ARTHUR "DOC" BARKER TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN PRISON, MA ALMOST WENT CRAZY...

HELP ME, MA! HELP ME! THEY'RE HOUNDIN' ME! THEY'RE BURVIN' ME FOR LIFE! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH IT!



I WON'T! I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL SHOW YOU DIRTY, RAIL-ROADING BLOOD-HOUNDS! YOU TOOK MY BOYS FROM ME! YOU RUINED THEIR LIVES! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, YOU HEAR!

CLEAR THE COURT! REMOVE THIS WOMAN! SHE'S MAD!



HERMAN'S WAY LED TO THE GRAVE! A POLICEMAN'S GRAVE AND HIS OWN, WHEN HE ATTEMPTED A JEWELRY HOLOUP IN WICHITA.

HERMAN! TURN AROUND, IN FRONT OF YOU, ANOTHER COP!

M.. MA WHERE ARE YOU? H-HELP M.. OHHHH. I'M DYIN'!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!



YES, HERMAN DIED WITH HIS MOTHER'S NAME ON HIS LIPS! AND HOW WELL IT BELONGED THERE! FOR SHE HAD KILLED HIM, AS SURELY AS IF SHE HAD PULLED THE TRIGGER HERSELF! PA BARKER SAID AS MUCH OVER HIS BOY'S GRAVE.

YOU RAISED THEM FINE, MA! DOC'S IN JAIL FOR LIFE, LLOYD'S ROTTING AWAY FOR ALMOST AS LONG, AND HERMAN'S DEAD, SHOT BY COPS! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF, MA!

I AM PROUD! THEY WOULD'VE GONE PLACES IF NOT FOR THE LAW! THE LAW DIDN'T GIVE MY BOYS A CHANCE! BUT FREDDY AND I'LL GET EVEN, IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!

SO MA WENT ABOUT HER VENGEANCE LIKE A BLOOD-LUSTING TIGRESS! SHE LEFT A TRAIL OF DEATH THROUGH THE MID-WEST! THEN SHE CAME TO ST PAUL, WITH KIDNAPPING ON HER MIND!

GOT HIM...MAKE A SOUND, FAT STUFF, AN' WE'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT!

BRING HIM IN! THAT TUB OF LARD IS GOOD FOR \$200,000!



THAT WAS THE JOB THAT BROUGHT ME IN! YES, I'M ONE OF THE FBI MEN WHO FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF BLOOD FROM ST PAUL TO THE TIGRESS' LAIR!

SURE THE GUY'S WORTH 200 GRAND! BUT VA CAN GET THE **CHAIR** FOR KIDNAPPIN'!

NOT YOU ARTHUR! THAT'S NOT THE WAY YOU'LL GO OUT!

SORRY PUNK! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU'ND SPLITS!

A THIRD BUMP-OFF... THESE KIDNAPPERS WOULDN'T SPLIT AN **INDIAN NUT** WITH THEIR PALS! LOOK AT THIS, JIM! A MAP OF FLORIDA, WITH A CIRCLE AROUND **OCALA!**



SO WE WENT TO OCALA WHERE THE TRAIL GREW TORRID.

HERE'S SOMETHING! MA BARKER'S FINGERPRINT ON THIS GASOLINE! CAN' WE'RE GETTING **RED-HOT!**

THEN WE GOT A TIP THAT MA WAS SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF LAKE WEIR! WE WASTED NO TIME! WE CHARTERED A PLANE

NEXT STOP **PAYOFF!**

WE GOT TO LAKE WEIR IN THE MORNING AND SURROUNDED THE HOUSE! WE INTENDED TO GIVE THE RATS EVERY CHANCE THEY **DIDN'T** DESERVE

MA! FREDDY! WE'RE THE FBI! WE'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! WE'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO COME OUT!

WE GOTTA FIGHT IT OUT, MA! IT'S THE **CHAIR** IF THEY GET US!

KEEP FIRING, FREDDY! MA'S WITH YOU! SHE WON'T LET YOU GET HURT!



BUT MA WASN'T IN THE CAT-BIRD SEAT! **WE** WERE... AND WE ANSWERED FREDDY'S FIRE WITH DEADLY EFFECT!

THEN OCCURED SOMETHING I NEVER WANT TO SEE AGAIN! A MANIACAL BEAST IN THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN CHARGED OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR, HER MACHINE-GUN SPITTING DEATH AND DEFIANCE.

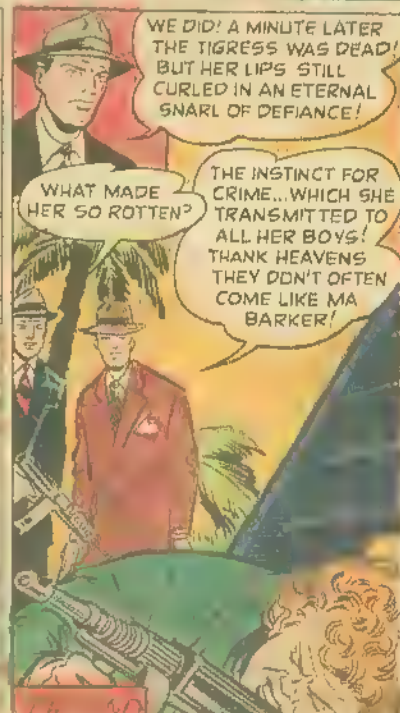
I'LL GET 'EM FOR YOU, FREDDY! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF THEM!

WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE, MEN! LET HER HAVE IT!

WE DID! A MINUTE LATER THE TIGRESS WAS DEAD! BUT HER LIPS STILL CURLED IN AN ETERNAL SNARL OF DEFIANCE!

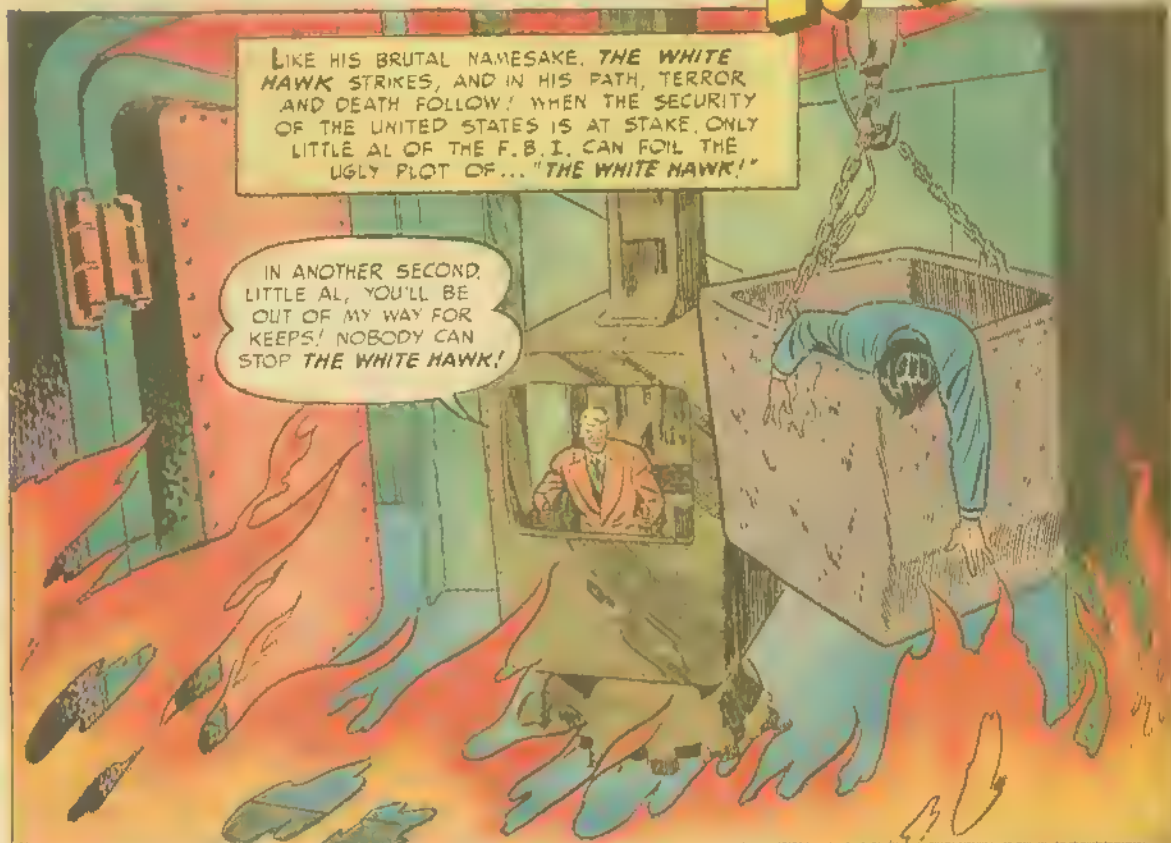
WHAT MADE HER SO ROTTEN?

THE INSTINCT FOR CRIME... WHICH SHE TRANSMITTED TO ALL HER BOYS! THANK HEAVENS THEY DON'T OFTEN COME LIKE MA BARKER!



Little Al of the F.B.I.

VS. "THE WHITE HAWK!"



LIKE HIS BRUTAL NAMESAKE, **THE WHITE HAWK** STRIKES, AND IN HIS PATH, TERROR AND DEATH FOLLOW! WHEN THE SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES IS AT STAKE, ONLY LITTLE AL OF THE F.B.I. CAN FOIL THE UGLY PLOT OF... **"THE WHITE HAWK!"**

IN ANOTHER SECOND, LITTLE AL, YOU'LL BE OUT OF MY WAY FOR KEEPS! NOBODY CAN STOP **THE WHITE HAWK!**

I WONDER WHAT ASSIGNMENT THE CHIEF HAS FOR US THIS TIME? FROM THE WAY YOU TELL IT, OX, IT MUST BE **IMPORTANT!**

WELL, HE SAID TO GET HOLD OF YOU RIGHT AWAY AND BRING YOU HERE!



WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

LITTLE AL, THE PLANS FOR THE NEW SUPER-TANK WHICH WE HAD PLANNED TO TEST SOON HAVE BEEN STOLEN, AND THE MOST DANGEROUS FOREIGN AGENT IN THE WORLD... THE MAN KNOWN AS **"THE WHITE HAWK"**... IS HERE IN THE UNITED STATES! WE'RE POSITIVE IT'S MORE THAN COINCIDENCE!



AL, THIS IS INSPECTOR CLEMENTS OF SCOTLAND YARD! **THE WHITE HAWK** CROSSED OVER HERE FROM ENGLAND AND CLEMENTS IS ON HIS TRAIL! YOU'LL WORK WITH THE INSPECTOR ON THIS CASE!

NICE MEETING YOU CHAPS! I'M AT THE OXFORD ARMS, IF YOU WISH TO REACH ME IN A HURRY!

HERE'S MORE INFORMATION ON **THE WHITE HAWK**! ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM IS THAT HE'S AN ALBINO, BUT NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HIS REAL FACE! HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE, A FREE LANCE AGENT NOW WORKING FOR THE REDS! HE MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE HE CAN GET THOSE PLANS OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT, BOSS!

OX, LET'S RUN OUT TO THE TANK FACTORY FIRST AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP A TRAIL FROM THERE!.. GOOD-BYE, GENTS!

GOOD HUNTING, GENTLEMEN! KEEP IN TOUCH!

GEE, THAT INSPECTOR'S A NICE GUY, AIN'T HE?...

SAY! THAT'S MARCIA IN YOUR CAR! WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

I WAS SHOPPING AND SAW YOUR CAR, AL. HOW ABOUT A LIFT HOME?

SORRY, MARCIA, DEAR. OX AND I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

?! - HE'S DONE IT **AGAIN**! LEFT ME FLAT! BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE I CAN HELP HIM IN HIS WORK!

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE FACTORY ON LONG ISLAND WHERE THE SUPER TANKS ARE BEING BUILT, LITTLE AL GETS FURTHER INFORMATION FROM COLONEL BANCROFT, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE PROJECT!

OUR SECURITY POLICE WERE GASSED AND THE PLANS STOLEN! IT WAS A BOLD PIECE OF WORK... NO CLUES, NO FINGERPRINTS LEFT!

VERY EFFICIENT! MIND IF WE NOSE AROUND THE FACTORY?

THE DAY SHIFT HAS LEFT AND THE NIGHT SHIFT WON'T BE DUE FOR ANOTHER HOUR, SO PROWL ALL YOU WANT! I'M GOING HOME FOR DINNER!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE TANKS!

ALONE IN THE FACTORY, THE F.B.I. MEN TRY TO RE-CONSTRUCT THE PLAN OF ACTION THE WHITE HAWK FOLLOWED IN HIS DARING COUP!

HE MUST HAVE HAD OTHER AGENTS WORKING WITH HIM IN ORDER TO GAS THE GUARDS AS HE DID, AND...!

LOOK OUT!

OK! NOTIFY THE GUARDS! CALL INSPECTOR CLEMENTS AT THE OXFORD ARMS! TELL HIM TO GET DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY! I'M GOING AFTER THAT BIRD UP THERE!

RIGHT! ORDERS IS ORDERS, BUT I SURE WISH YOU'D LET ME TANGLE WITH HIM TOO!

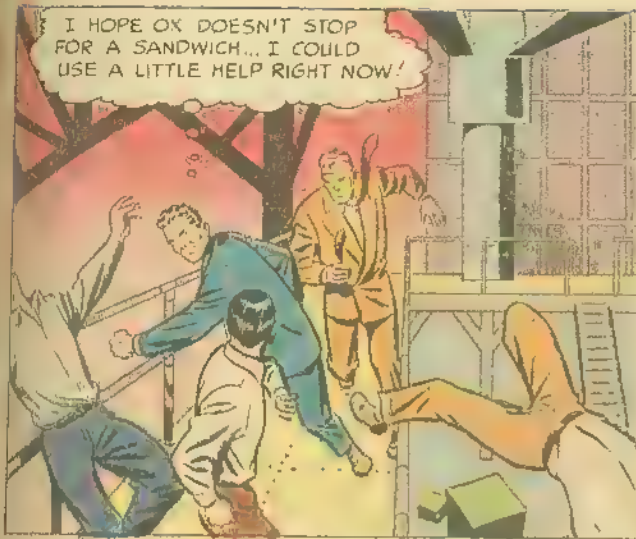
I COUNTED THE SHOTS, RAT... YOU'RE FRESH OUT OF LEAD!

WHY YOU PUNY LITTLE SHRIMP! I'LL...

TRY FIGHTING FACE-TO-FACE FOR A CHANGE, YOU YELLOW KILLER!

OOOOOF!

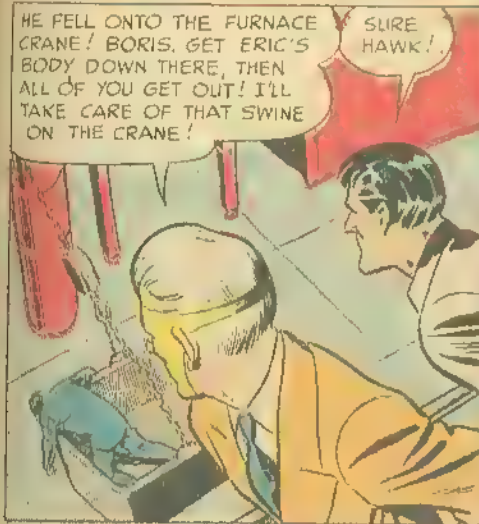
DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT ERIC!



I HOPE OX DOESN'T STOP FOR A SANDWICH... I COULD USE A LITTLE HELP RIGHT NOW!

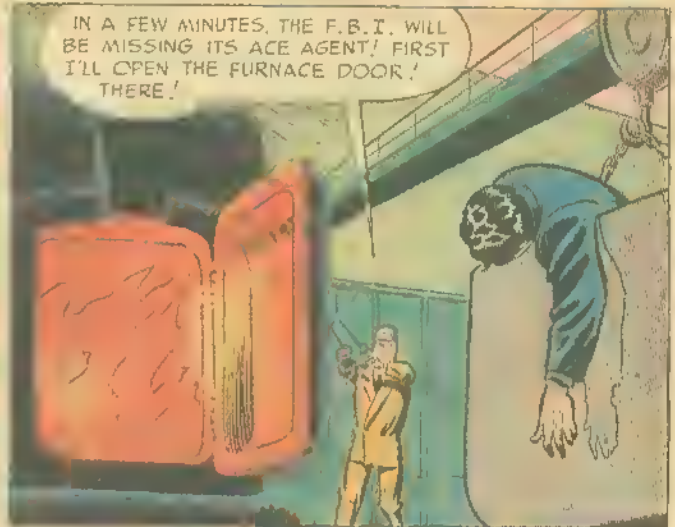


ULP!
THE WHITE HAWK!

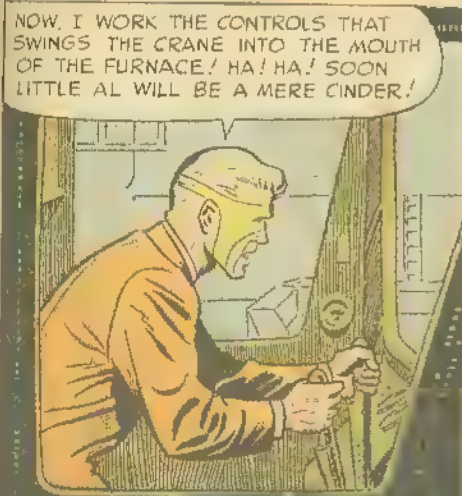


HE FELL ONTO THE FURNACE CRANE! BORIS, GET ERIC'S BODY DOWN THERE, THEN ALL OF YOU GET OUT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SWINE ON THE CRANE!

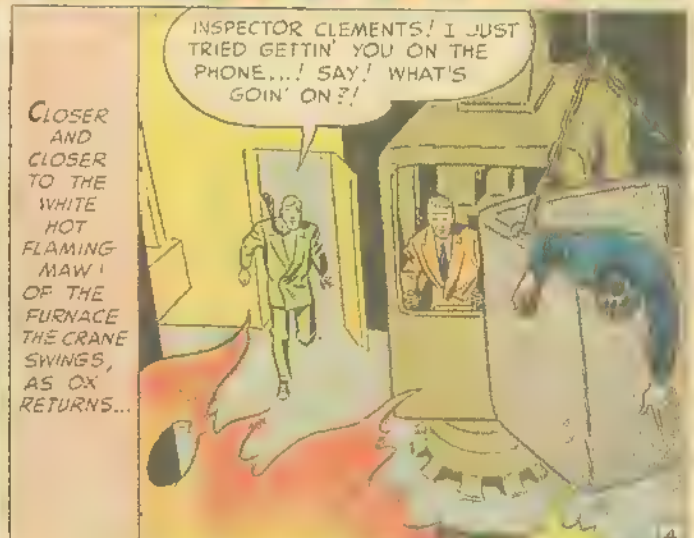
SURE HAWK!



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE F.B.I. WILL BE MISSING ITS ACE AGENT! FIRST I'LL OPEN THE FURNACE DOOR! THERE!

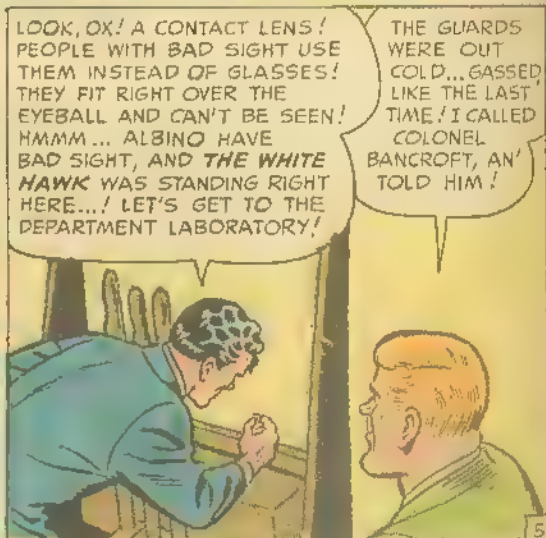
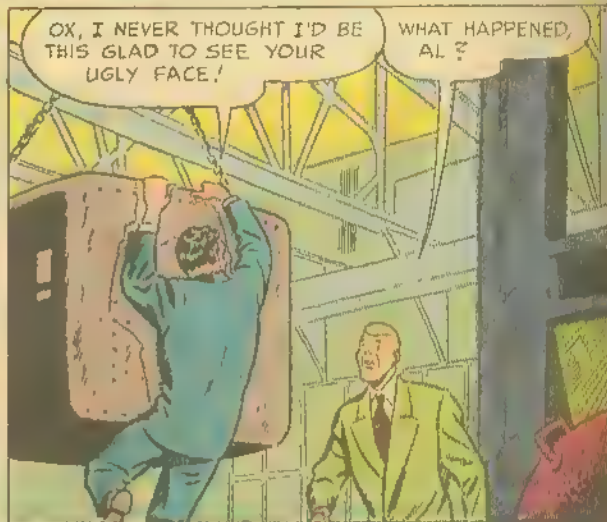


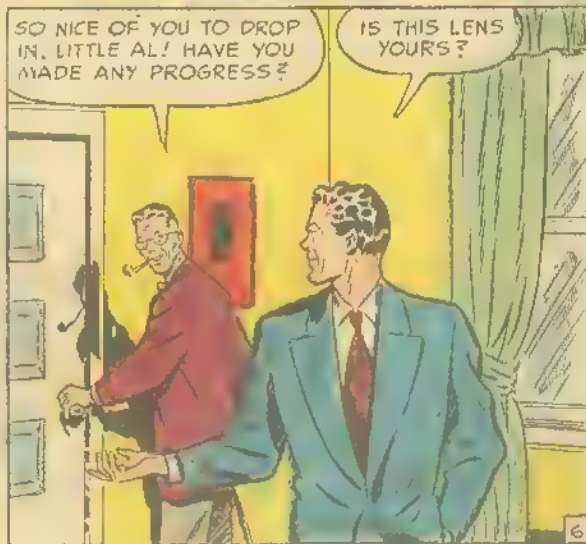
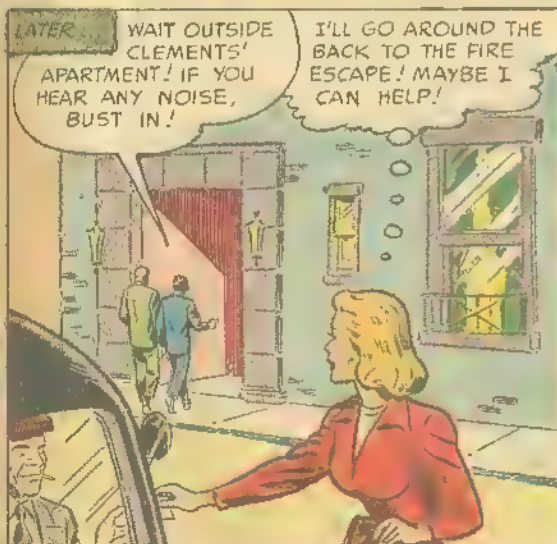
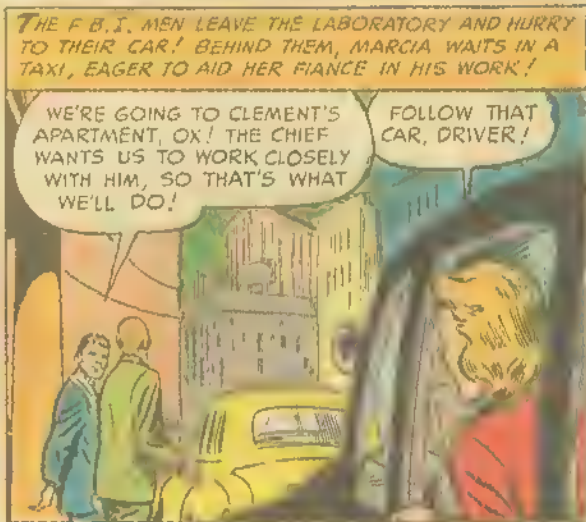
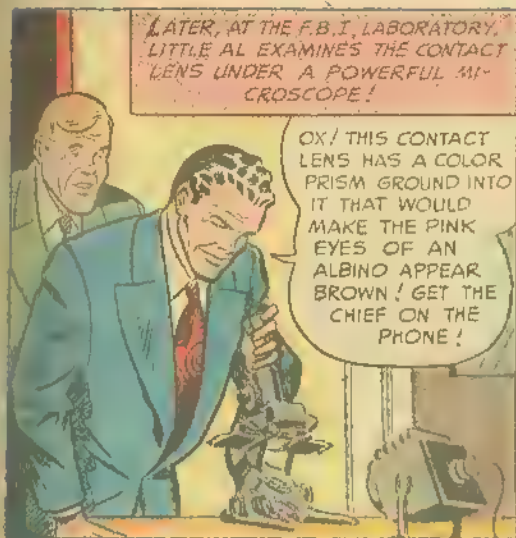
NOW, I WORK THE CONTROLS THAT SWINGS THE CRANE INTO THE MOUTH OF THE FURNACE! HA! HA! SOON LITTLE AL WILL BE A MERE CINDER!

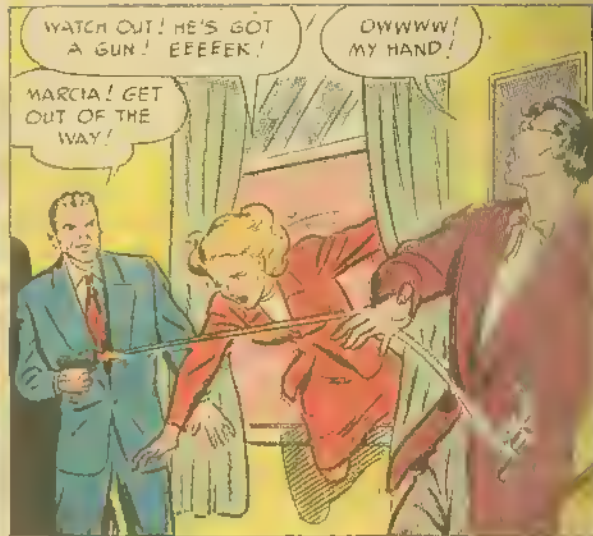


INSPECTOR CLEMENTS! I JUST TRIED GETTIN' YOU ON THE PHONE...! SAY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!

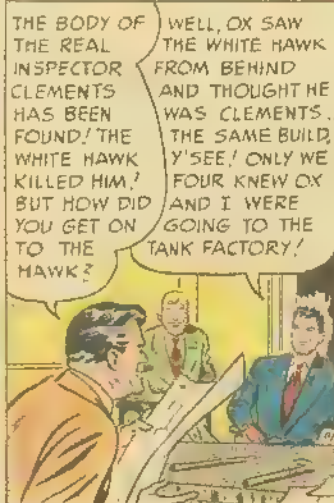
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE WHITE HOT FLAMING MAW! OF THE FURNACE THE CRANE SWINGS, AS OX RETURNS...







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THE RED DEVILS OF KOREA?

SEOUL CITY LOU

lures Joe's pal, Sergeant Mulvaney into a cunning Red trap. Will Mulvaney yield under Red "persuasion" and give the Red spies vital military information? What can G. I. Joe do to save his friend and safeguard his country's secrets from the enemy?

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...YOU'LL NEVER TALK AGAIN!

..OR WHAT?

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